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[For information on the gender classification of terms for various phenomena of the external world and the human organism, see Category 193, pp. 18-21.]

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[For Blackfoot terms designating phenomena concerning the external world and the human organism, and for Blackfoot terms designating tribes, bands, and other sociopolitical units, see Category 192.]

wife stirred with her finger. When the water turned yellow, Bear Hat drank it. Next, his wife cooked some raw-dried meat—half dry and half raw—over a fire. She sprayed yellow paint on the meat as it cooked. It was mostly still raw when she served it to Bear Hat. The meat still had some blood in it to refill Bear Hat of the blood he lost. 727 755 [826]

The wound healed in four days. Bear Hat's curlew skins had cured him.

Then there came a time when a boy was accidentally shot while on a hunt. He was shot in the ribs and the bullet came out his back up near the shoulder. When the hunters returned to camp with the wounded boy, they called for Bear Hat. And just as Bear Hat had taught his wife—with the curlews, yellow paint, seven men and seven childless women, the yellow robe and drums and whistle, and the yellow-paint brew and half-dried meat—so Bear Hat cured the boy. 755 [164]

That is how Bear Hat got the name Curlew. [553]

to many medicine mixtures because of its sacredness. Boiled in water, it made a hair wash; chewed, it would be applied to swellings. It looks much like other grasses, but can be distinguished by the reddish color near its base.

VIOLET (*Viola adunca*): Called "blue mouth," its leaves were chewed and used as a poultice; it could also be made into a brew for a child having difficulty breathing.

WESTERN MEADOW RUE (*Thalictrum occidentale*): This plant was named "Gros Ventre scent" because it was most commonly found in the country of that tribe. Used as a perfume, the leaves could also be powdered and placed in horses' noses to make them long-winded.

WESTERN WILD PARSLEY (*Lomatium simplex*): This is the "big turnip" that was used mostly as food. As a medicine, the root was chewed and placed as a poultice with a heated cloth on bloodshot eyes. This poultice also treated sores in the mouth and ears, as well as earaches and swollen ears. A brew was made from it for chest pains.

WHITLOW GRASS (*Draba verna*): Because the stem of this plant rises from a circle of small leaves, it is called "center grass." The roots of this plant were made into a bitter drink to bring on abortion.

WILD BERGAMOT (*Monarda fistulosa*): This plant is called "singly young man." The blossoms could be brewed to make an eyewash, or else both leaves and blossoms were brewed together for stomachaches.

WILLOW (*Salix*): The great variety of willows are generally called "what they bring," referring to their ceremonial use during the Medicine Lodge sweat baths. The deep roots of these bushes were cut into pieces and dried, and from that a brew was made for hemorrhage, difficult breathing, dandruff, and bloodshot eyes in people and horses. Boiled with kidney fat, the mixture was used as a

[p. 188-B]

wash by people with curly and kinky hair to cure what they considered their undesirable appearance. 515 826

YARROW (*Achillea millefolium*): This plant was also called "having a pine stem." Chewed white flowers were used to poultice swellings, including mumps. Leaves were brewed for liver ailments and hemorrhages, and horses with sore eyes. Several cups of the brew were said to help speed up labor during childbirth. The leaves were sometimes used for a special incense during Beaver Bundle transfer ceremonies. 824 757 844 782

OTHER USES OF PLANTS

Besides food and medicine, our Old People found many day-to-day uses for various parts of plants. 824

TOBACCO that our Old People smoked was a mixture of commercial tobacco and the leaves of the bearberry plant (*Arctostaphylos uvaursi*). This plant was also called *kinnikinick*, "that which is mixed." Although it grows on the prairies, only the mountain variety is used for smoking; the prairie kind smells like grass when it is burned. 276 [137]

Bearberry leaves can be picked from their low-growing shrub throughout the year. The leaves are separated from the stems, and then dried, crushed, and mixed for smoking. They are more properly prepared by first washing, to remove the bitter taste, then greased with kidney fat and placed in an oven to dry. This is called "frying your kinnikinick." The fried leaves are placed in a cloth bag and crushed into smaller pieces, which are then stored in special bags made from the skins of unborn fawns and buffalo calves. [415]

BEADS were made from the dried fruits of a number of plants, including silverberries, rose hips, and juniper berries. These beads were 824 [531]

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

the eagle might pluck out the seizer's eyes with its sharp bill or tear his flesh with its poisonous claws.

It was late when we finished our work on the butte and returned to camp. In the evening we sat for a time in Black Otter's lodge, and he sang some sacred songs and prayed Sun to give Fox Eyes success in eagle-catching. On the following morning Badger Woman gave us an early feed of broiled meat and tea, and then Fox Eyes burned some sweetgrass close before his couch, bending over the smoke and grasping handfulls of it with which he rubbed himself. Sweetgrass was a sacred plant; its delicious perfume was greatly prized by Sun; the smoke of it removed all human odor.

Having purified himself, Fox Eyes, as was required of him, said to his mother and sister: "I am going this morning to attempt to catch an eagle, and you women must do all that you can to aid me. Until I return you must remain in the lodge, continuously praying for my success. Also, lest in seizing an eagle he should pierce me with his claws, you must not put any thorny wood on the fire, nor eat thorny berries, and for the same reason you must not use a needle, or awl, or scratch yourself."

With that we saddled the horses that we had picketed the evening before, on our way taking up a human skull which we had found at the edge of a grove and which Fox Eyes was to place in the pit. There was nothing that the Blackfeet dreaded so much as a human skull, but for this very reason it was considered necessary for an eagle catcher to have one in his pit. It was a test of his courage to sit with it during his long times of waiting and watching for an eagle to appear, and there was no possibility of going to sleep and losing his chance to seize one, with such a fearsome object at his side.

When Fox Eyes had settled down in the pit and was comfortable, I carefully replaced the sticks and grass that he had pulled aside in order to enter. Then, saying that I hoped he would have quick success, I mounted my horse and, leading his horse, rode to the top of a butte a half-mile away and sat down in the shade of a pine tree to await the result of our work. The sun was then well up in the blue, and I searched in all directions, but not an eagle was in sight. Not even

35: Michelson E,L-5 (1910) 1916 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

times; but when he went to tip him, the white man ran away. Then the White-Man-Buffalo chased him, and they had a race. There was fight, for the White-Man-Buffalo outran the white man. At last, however, he tipped him; but, instead of turning the white man into a buffalo, the White-Man-Buffalo turned into a man again; but he still had the buffalo's beard, and all white men have had it ever since. 000

2. *Why the White Man has Short Hair.* — There were two big camp-circles, one on each side of a river. In one camp-circle lived a white man who had married a wife from the other camp-circle. One day he said to his wife, "I will go visit my brother-in-law and see how he is getting along." At the same time the brother-in-law started out to visit the white man. The white man did not know this. Pretty soon the white man met two girls. They called him, and said, "Come on over here, white man!" He did not want to go. He was bashful and selfish, and lived by himself. He said, "No, I'm in a hurry. I can't stop to talk now." The girls kept calling him and beckoning to him. So pretty soon he went over to them. After a while he sat down with the girls, and they got him to lay his head in the lap of one of them. Then they said they would louse him. But he said, "No, there are no lice in my hair." The girls had some hack-berries; and when they would louse him, they would crack them in their teeth, and pretend they had found lice in his hair. All the time he was saying it was not so, but finally he went to sleep. Then they played a trick on him. They got cockle-burrs and stuck them into his hair as tight as they could, close up to the head, just as thick as they could. Then they went away, but not before brother-in-law had seen the white man with the girls as he came over the hill.

Pretty soon the white man woke up and felt of his head, and found it full of cockle-burrs. He didn't know what to do. When he went to scratch his head, he found it full of burrs. So he cut off his hair with his knife close up to his head. Then he started home again. He gashed his cheeks and tore his shirt and cried. His wife saw him coming, and sent the children out to meet him. They ran back and told her that their father was crying and had cut off his hair. She went out and asked why he was mourning. He told her that his brother-in-law was dead. But just then brother-in-law came along. So then white man said it was his uncle that was dead. But the brother-in-law said no, his uncle was alive. And then he told how white man was playing with the strange girls. So white man's wife took a club and drove him away. Ever since that time the white man has lived alone, and always wears short hair.

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A PIEGAN TALE. — During the stay of the Piegan delegates at Washington last winter, I heard the following tale of their hero "Old-Man," which apparently does not occur among the published collections. 539

Old-Man was travelling. He heard some one clinking on ice, and he saw two large wolves who had tied large rocks on their tails. When the rocks made holes in the ice, fat would come up; then they turned around and ate it up. So the old man saw them. He was pretty hungry. And 539 826

35: Michelson E,L-5 (1910) 1916 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

he was crying, "I was longing to do the way you were doing." So the Wolf told him, "My brother, it is an easy matter." Old-Man had a long tail too. And the Wolf told him, "You tie a rock to your tail too. You can do it; but do not do it more than four times a day." So Old-Man started off. When he got around the bend, he picked up a rock and tied it to his tail. And he started off singing, "Now the ice should crack." Then the ice began to crack, and the fat began to come out. Then of course he started off. Every now and then he would do the same thing over again. Then, after the fourth time, he said, "I am going to do that the fifth time to see what will happen." Then the rock broke through and fell into the water. The night was so cold that it froze up on him, and he could not pull his tail out; and he lost his tail, and became bob-tailed. And he said, "I see! The rising generation are going to all become bob-tailed." That is the reason we do not have long tails now.

TRUMAN MICHELSON.

PIEGAN TALES OF EUROPEAN ORIGIN. — From some recent work with the Piegans, it appears that they have incorporated a fairly large body of European tales in their folk-lore. However, they are fully conscious of the fact that these tales are European in origin. It is of the highest importance that they claim that some of these are old, and some only recently acquired. A few are not specified as regards age. Tales which are said to be old are "Seven-Heads," "Rabbit runs a Race with Turtle," and "Big Fool and Little Fool." Tales only recently acquired are "Cinderella," "Blue-Beard," and "Jack and the Beanstalk." Tales whose dates are not stated are "Joseph and Jacob: How his Brothers sold him to the Egyptians, the Seven Fat Cows, the Seven Lean Cows, and the Four Ears of Corn;" the interminable adventures of "Little-John" and "Anthony."[1]

TRUMAN MICHELSON.

THE HAWAIIAN HULA-DANCE. — In the death in August, 1915, of Nathaniel B. Emerson, M.D., the territory of Hawaii loses one more of that older generation of native-born foreigners who knew from childhood the language and the people of old Hawaii, and interested themselves in its ancient lore. Dr. Emerson was a constant student of Hawaiian folk-lore. In 1898 he translated the "Hawaiian Antiquities" collected by David Malo in the thirties; his translation of the myth of the volcano goddess, Pele, and her sister Hiiaka, appeared just before his death; and in 1909 a study of the Hawaiian *hula*-dance was published as Bulletin 38 by the Bureau of American Ethnology in Washington. The *hula*, in its ancient and classical form, is analogous to the Japanese *Noh* dances and to other like institutions throughout the South Sea Islands. It was conventionalized into a real school of dramatic art. The object of this note is briefly to outline the facts collected by Dr. Emerson from the old Hawaiians about these ceremonial dances, as the practice and tradition have survived into modern time.

A *hula* performance consisted in a series of dramatic dances accompanied by song, sometimes by rhythmical instruments. It was given under the

[1] The informant had forgotten the names of these last two. I have supplied them, as the tales correspond extremely closely to the Fox stories of Pitcîcî^{ha} (= Petit-Jean) and Ätwäi^{a} (= Antoine) (see American Anthropologist, N.S., vol. xv, p. 699).

122 burial house, I was forced into a realization that I don't know Blackfoot from Tocharian. Without my bilingual brother there to translate back and forth, I found it impossible to convey to the Chief any concept more subtle than "me Tarzan, you Jane." When the Chief asked me what time it was (*"Tśe-tòk-tòk?"*), I was able to convey the information to him; when I brought him a hot drink, I was able to say, *"Ki-tau-wan-aĥks cheh-estú-y-simsk"*; but that was about the height of my linguistic attainment for the afternoon and I did not even attempt to discuss in Blackfoot the philosophical connotations of the open house burial tradition. I spent most of the day typing, and the Chief played solitaire. He is very sharp at cards.

Jim came back at six o'clock, loaded down with cottonwood logs. Jim calls a cottonwood a "cotton tree," and he refers to the logs as "toothpicks." Jim proudly called the Chief out back to view the woodpile, and the Chief smiled and said, *"So-káh-pi."*

Jim was very tired ("This the most goddam tire in my life I ever was. I couldn't hardly walk"). So I prepared a simple supper of bean soup and sandwiches, and we all retired to the living-room and the close comfort of the Simmons stove. Jimmy, that sensitive soul, actually apologized for being late to supper. He explained that he had to drive slowly with such a heavy load of logs ("I didn't want too damn fast going down that pass there"), and that he had stopped at Kiowa Camp for some tobacco ("I says what the hells, I says it a goddam, I'm going to buy me some smoking—I'm all out of smoking").

195 [191] It might be well to interject here the fact that, although Jim and many other Blackfoot men of the younger generation habitually express themselves in a salty English barnacular worthy of Captain Kidd, profanity is not indigenous to the Blackfoot language. The process of "linguistic degradation," wherein a word becomes identified with the object or the action which it describes and thus becomes (to the unwashed ear) a "bad" word, does not function in Blackfoot. The Blackfoot Indian, in his *primitive ignorance*, regards the human body as a perfectly decent and inculpable member of the natural world; the Blackfoot does not see his body as a sexual fetish, and he considers neither any portion of his body, nor any of his bodily functions, nor any of the terms which describe those functions, to be in any way reprehensible. And since the Blackfoot does not take it upon himself to decide the relative purity of his neighbor's conception, or to determine in advance the post-mortem destiny of another person's soul, it was left to the super-culture of the

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175 related to the "fine dandies" indicates the concern with ap-
[554] pearance and the active physical life. And, the physically strong man of seventy did not continue to pursue the active life but one of leisure, a sure sign of personal success.

702 In the past, this active life concerned activities
175 outside of the rodeo arena and boxing ring.

> They all marched off very quietly, as if for hunting. After they were gone, the old man said that it was not a war party, but one of those they frequently sent, under the guidance of those who had shown courage and conduct in going to war, for we cannot afford to lose our people, we are too few, and these expeditions inure our men to long marches and to suffer hunger and thirst. At the end of about twenty days they returned with about thirty-five horses in tolerable condition, and fifteen fine mules which they had brought away from a large camp of Snake Indians.16

In this quotation two major facets of early Blood-Blackfoot life are illustrated. First, of course, is the physical
[826] conditioning aspect of this "training raid." The Indians are ensuring that their young men are physically fit to fight when the time comes, a strong motive for valuing the physically strong and active man. Secondly, and more importantly, the aspect of practical know-how appears. It is central to the whole passage. The young men marched off in the company of an experienced man to learn the trade of war. The learning of this aspect of Blood-Blackfoot culture could not be left to chance, and thus, these parties were sent out frequently. Beyond this point is the obvious fact that the party

practicality of gaining something practical from the raid; advice relating to one's prestige here and now and in the uncertain future. These concerns are strongly represented in the contemporary protocols.

The continuing interests of past and present center on the practical outlook, on know-how, and on the strong drive for success. The foci remain the same; however, the objects of valuation and the relative strength of valuation have shifted. Most prominent today are technological know-how, money, practicality and success. Yesterday, in the distant past, the most prominent concern was with physical good looks, good condition, and social achievement. The training of warriors and their vanity suggests this. Another concern of the past was the independent pursuit of one's goals and the physical concomitants to the active outdoor life. As today's rodeo hands know well, injury and destruction are commonplace in such a life.

> The cry [death cry] was from a young man who held his Bow and Arrows, and showed one of his thighs torn by a grisled bear, and which had killed two of his companions. The two young men who were destroyed by the bear, had each two iron shod arrows, and the camp being near, they had attacked the bear for his skin and claws. But unfortunately their arrows stuck in the bones of his ribs, and only irritated him; he sprung on the first, and with one of his dreadful fore paws tore out his bowels and three of his ribs; the second he seized in his paws, and almost crushed him to death, threw him down, when the third Indian hearing their cries came to their assistance and sent an arrow,

462 the description of cooking and staying indoors as female duties. Small wonder that the young Blood of today strongly 183 reject Cook-Baker and Store Keeper. Further, this quotation 827 testifies to the universality of the meaningfulness of physical ability among the Blood. Both man and woman are to expect and overcome hardship to perform their socially significant tasks. This necessity was illustrated in the hardiness training mentioned by Thompson and in the jests and jibes of the tippling thief toward his wives. Schultz comments further on this aspect.

175 827 [291] [515]

> I went on several of these hunts when the weather was so cold that a buffalo hide froze stiff as it dropped away from the cut of the knife; yet the Indians skinned their quarry barehanded. . . . The Indians wore only a couple of shirts, a pair of blanket or cowskin leggings, fur cap, buffalo robe, gloves, and moccasins--no socks. Yet they never froze, nor even shivered from the cold. They attributed their indifference to exposure to the beneficial effect of their daily baths, which were always taken, even if a hole had to be cut in the ice for the purpose. And they forced their little children to accompany them, little fellows from three years of age up, dragging the unwilling ones from their beds and carrying them under their arms to the icy plunge.[53] [856] [863]

175 826

A freezing dip in the river speaks strongly for a concern over health and vitality as does the image of dragging squalling youngsters to the bath. This concern also extends to the previously mentioned vanity and attractiveness.

> Came from the north, from the camp of our brother tribe, the Bloods, four young men to visit friends in our camp, and one of them was Low Horn, he who was nicknamed

55: Fisher E-5 (1962-1963) 1983 NF6 Blackfoot NF6 Blood

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"Handsome Man." And rightly: he was unquestionably the handsomest of all the men of the three tribes of the Blackfeet. So handsome, so graceful in all that he did, so perfect of figure and face that I shall not describe him. A bachelor and a lady killer he was, too, desired by all the maidens and doubtless by many a married woman. Some men were so jealous of him that when he staged one of his spectacular dances around the circle of the camp, they ordered their women into their lodges, there to remain until he had passed.54

Doubtless, many a young man wished for or dreamed he had the physical appeal of this man. A man who felt thus would not be one to go roistering about, brawling and fighting, risking broken bones and scar-tissue on such a visage. Similar feelings against injury and disfigurement must have held in 1879, the time of the story, as in 1963, the time of the I.A.I. field study. Further evidence for the value of facial appearances in Blackfoot culture follows the above episode. The "Handsome Man" story closes with a dramatic discussion of retribution for adultery.

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And then to the row of us "My friends, little did I think that I would ever be shamed as this woman has shamed me. You agree, do you not, that she should be made to suffer the punishment that our tribe has ever inflicted upon women of her kind?"

"Oh, no! No! No!" the woman shrieked, springing from her couch and making for the doorway. But the three had her before she could reach it; they drew her back across the lodge and held her before her man; by arms and head firmly held against her; and he, pinching her nose with thumb and finger, with one quick stroke of his knife, cut it off, and contemptuously tossed it into the fireplace. . . .

So it was that Otahki became one of that despised little group of cut-nosed women of the tribe--women with whom the good women would not associate; women who